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C. 10 WHITE

STOLEN JEWELS

"Paste!" echoed that young man, and dances attendance at the heels of with a soft satirical laugh. "Caprice his divinity." ruined where all their thousands went where all their lands, horses, shares, salaries, disappeared to! Paste! Bah! my dear fellow, you don't know the gether for their mutual benefit. Malhearts those diamonds represent." The act proceeded; the dialogue

scintillating with wit, and the chorus- table." es becoming more riotous. In-trigue followed after intrigue, and situation after situation, in all of which Caprice was the central figure, until the climax was reached, in a wild bizarre chorus, in which she danced a vigorous cancan with Cagliostra, and finished by bounding on his shoulders to form the tableau as the curtain fell, amid the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

Ezra and Stewart went out into the smoking-room to light their cigarettes, and heard on all sides eulogies of Caprice.

"She'd make her fortune on the London stage," said Santon to Mortimer. "Got such a lot of the devil in her-eh?- by Jove! Why the deuce don't she show in town?"

"Aha!" replied Mortimer, shrewdly, "I'm not going to let her go if I can help it. Don't tempt away my only ewe lamb, when you've got so many flocks of your own." She doesn't look much like a

lamb," said Columbus Wilks, dryly. Then she doesn't belie her looks," retorted Mortimer coolly. "My dear sir, she's got the temper of a fiend, but she's such a favorite, that I put up with her tantrums for the sake of the cash.

While this conversation was going on, Ezra and his friend were smoking themselves in their places, and repreting about the opera, when the Jew suddenly drew Keith's attention to a lights and fantastically-dressed people. hand. fidential manner. He had a thin, sharp-looking face, keen blue eyes, and fair hair and beard.

"That gentleman," said Lazarus, "could probably tell you something about those diamonds; he is an American called Hiram Jackson Fenton, manager of the 'Never-say-die Life Insurance Company.' Rumor-which is true in the case, contrary to its usual custom—says he is Caprice's latest fancy."

"He must have a lot of money to satisfy her whims," said Keith, looking at the American.

Money!" Ezra shrugged his shoulders. 'He hasn't much actual cash, for he lives far above his income. However, with a little judicious dabbling in the share market, and an occasional p from the children of Israel, he manages to get along all right. Our friend Caprice will ruin him shortly, and then he'll return to the Great Republic, I presume good riddance of bad rubbish for Australia."

And who is that colorless-looking little man who has just come up?" 'He is rather washed out, isn't he?' said Ezra critically. "That is his assistant manager, Evan Malton. For some inexplicable reason they are in-

Oh, and is Mr. Malton also smitten with Caprice." "Very badly-more shame to him,

months—he neglects his young wife

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"Doesn't Miram J—what's his name,

"Not at all. You see they're both ton is the Lezarus—I don't mean myself who picks up the crumbs of love that fall from Mr. Dives Fenton's

"It can't last long," said Keith, in disgust. "It will last till Malton gets rid of Fenton, or Fenton gets the better of Malton—then there'll be a row, and the weakest will go to the wall. Tell me, whom do you think will win?"

"I should say Fenton," replied keith, glancing from the effeminate countenance of Malton to the shrewd, powerful face of the American. "Exactly; he is, I fancy, the stronger villain of the two."

"Villain?" "Yes; I call any man a villain who neglects his wife for the sake of a light-o'-love. As far Fenton, he is the most unscrupulous man I know." "You seem to be pretty well acquainted with the scandal of Malbourne

society," said Stewart, as they went back to their seats. "Of course, it is my duty; the press is ubiquitous. But tell me your opinion of Caprice?"

"Judging by her acting to night, she's devil." "Wait till the end of this act,, and

you'll swear she's an angel." "Which will be correct?"

"Both—she's a mixture!" The curtain again drew up, amid sented a fete in the gardens of Gag-According to his story, Cagliostra had obtained possession of his prize and woos her successfully, when Prince Carnival enters and sings a ballad, "So Long Ago," in the hope of touching the heart of his false love.

Caprice, dressed in a tight-fitting costume of silk and vervet, which showed off her beautiful figure to perfection, stood in the centre of the stage with a sad smile, and sang the waltz-refrain of the song with great feeling.

"For it was long ago, love, That time of joy and woe, love; Yet still that heart of thine

touch of pathos which was exquisitely the whispered Keith.

"If you knew her story you would scarcely wonder at that," said Ezra, being innocent of blinds or curtains,

clamor still continuing, she shrugged lower windows, however, made up for her shoulders and walked coolly up the the blankness of the upper ones, being stage. "She's in a temper to-night," said

Mortimer to Santon. "They can appland till they're black in the face, but devil an answer they'll get from her, the jade! She isn't called Caprice as he's only been married for twelve for nothing."

And so it happened, for the audience, finding she would not gratify them, subsided into a sulky silence, and Caprice went coolly on with the dialogue, Cagliostra, repentant, sur-renders the girl to Pfince Carnival, and the opera ended with a repetition of the galop chorus, wherein Keith pany with cracked cups and saucers saw the sad-eyed woman of a few moments before once more a mocking, jibing fiend, dancing and singing with a reckless abandon that half-fascinated and half-disgusted him.

"What a contradiction," said Keith. as they left the theatre; "one moment all tears, the next all laughter!" "With a spice of the devil in both," replied Ezra cynically. "She is the Sphinx woman of Heine—her lips caress while her claws wound."

They had a drink and a smoke together, after which they went round to the stage-door at Ezra, in pursuance of improving Keith's fortunes, was anxious to introduce him to Caprice. Lazarus appeared to be wellknown to the door-keeper, for, after a few words with him, they were admitted to the mysterious region behind the scenes. Caprice, wrapped up in a heavy fur cloak, was standing on the stake talking to Fenton. All and shallow, with a choky atmosphere around was comparatively quiet, as the of dust, through which the golden scene-shifters having ended their dut- sunlight slanted in heavy, solid-look-Stewart could hardly believe that the little golden-haired woman he saw before him was the brilliant being of the previous hour, she looked so pale and with Mr. Lazarus, and, on the other. weary. But soon another side of her long rows of old clothes were hanging versatile nature showed itself, for Penton, saying something to displease her, she rebuked him sharply, and turned her back on the discomfitted American. In doing so she caught Aght of headed nails, gave admittance to the

"My dear Mr. Lazarus," she said of the shop was gloomy in the exrapidly, "I'm so glad to see you! Meg told me all about her accident today, and how narrowly she escaped death. Good God, fi I had lost her! But the gentleman who saved her-

"He is here, said Lazarus, indicating Keith, who stood blushingly and confused before this divinity of the stage. In another moment, with a sudden impulse, she was by his side, holding

his two hands in her own. "You have done what I can never repay," she said rapidly, in a low "Saved my child's life, and you will not find me ungrateful. Words are idle, but if actions can prove gratitude, you may command

"I hope the young lady is all right," stammered Keith, as she dropped his hands.

"Oh, yes; rather shaken, but quite well," answered Caprice, in a relieved

Fears Wal Pinale Healed by Cuticura

Timefeed for your will find to the state of night, and my face was just a manarof crap

"I decided to give Customs Stops and Olistment a trial, and other using two cakes of Cuttoms Stops and two boxes of Cuttoms Stops and two boxes of Cuttoms Stringent I was completely healed." (Signal) R. B. Maxwell, Upper Sackville, M. S., August 10, 1917.

You may think that because Cutious does such wonderful work in soothing and healing severe liching and burning concesses it is not adopted to the gentle was of the toilet. On the contary, that is just where it is prost effective in preventing these serious skin troubles.

hin troubne.

Per Pres through Buch by Mail ad-ress post-east. "Outlears, Bept. A. Besten, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

tone. "Dear me, how careless I am let me introduce you to these gentle-men—Mr. Fenton, Mr. Malton, and last, but not least, Mr. Montimer. The three gentlemen bowed coldly. Fenton in particular, eying Keith in supercilious manner, which made him blush with rage, as he thought it ble Isaiah. was owing to his shabby clothes.

"Is my carriage there?" said Canight, everybody. Mr. Stewart, will you give me your arm?" and she of your 'ook noses, I do." walked off with the delighted Keith, leaving Fenton and Malton transfixed with rage, while Mortimer and Esra looked on chuckling.
Caprice talked brightly to her new

friend till he placed her in her brougham, then suddenly became grave.

"Come down and have supper with me on Sunday fortnight," she said, leaning out of the window. "Mr. Lazarus will be your guide. Good-bye at present," giving him her gloved "God bless you for saving my chfld." The carriage drove off, but not before

Keith had seen that tears were falling down her face, whereat he marvelled at this strange creature, and stood looking after the carriage. "She's not as bad as they say," he mid aloud.

Ezra, who was just behind him, laughed aloud. "I knew you'd say she was an angel." CHAPTER IV.

It was a very little shop of squat appearance, as if the upper storey had gradually crushed down the lower. Is mine, dear love, is mine!"

Three gilt balls dangled in mid-air duced them both to silence.

An old man appeared—such a little of pathos which was exquisitely there should be a mid-air of the owner, and, in order that "I believe she feels what she sings," legend, "Lazarus, Fawnbroker," in blishair and beard, piercing black eyes windows in the upper storey, and these with the addition of one or two panes innumerable lines. The song was redemanded, but being broken, gave the top of the house Caprice refused to respond, and, the a somewhat dismantled look. The full of marvels, and behind their-dingy glass could be seen innumerable articles, representing the battered wrecks

of former prosperity. Gold and silver watches, with little parchment labels attached, setting forth their value, displayed themselves in a tempting row, and their chains were gracefully festooned between them, intermixed with strings of red soral, old-fashioned lockets, and bracelets of jet and amber. Worn-out silver teapots were placed dismally at the back in comof apparently rare old Worcester and Sevres china. Dingy velvet trays, containing innumerable coins and medals of every description, antique jewelery of a mode long since out of date, were incongruously mingled with revolvers, guns, spoons, cruets, and japanned trays, decorated with sprawling golden dragons; richlychased Indian daggers, tarnished silver mugs, in company with deadly-looking American bowie knives; bank-notes of long since insolvent capacious pocket, where it reposed in banks were displayed as curosites, company with an empty gin bottle: while a child's rattle lay next to a "me drink, as takes in washin' and Beok of Beauty, from out of whose goes hout nussin' an' was quite the pages looked forth simpering faces of lady afore I fell into the company of the time of D'Orsay and Lady Bles- wipers; me dr-well," and, language sington. And over all this queer hetereogeneous mixture the dust lay thick and gray, as if trying for very ing.

pity to hide these remnants of past splendours and ruined lives. The shop was broad, low-roofed, tion. ing beams. On the same side there was a row of little partitions like bathing-boxes, designed to secure secrecy to those who transacted business up against the wall, looking like the phantoms of their former owners. At the back, a door, covered with faded greenbaize, and decorated with brass-Lazarus, and ran quickly towards him private office of the presiding genius of the place. The whole appearance

> NEED YOUR SHOES NEW SHOE POLISHES LIQUIDS and PASTES MACK, WHITE, TAN, DARK BROWN OR OH MOOD SHOES PRESENTE ALLEATHER

erns, and the Hoor, heing covered its bones and bundles, with a little saging here and there, it was naturally rather embarrassing to stranger scially as the bright sunlight outso prevented them seeing an inch before their noses when they first en-tered the dismal den wherein Mr. Lazarus sat like a spider watching for unwary flies.

In one of the bathing machines aforesaid, a large, red-faced woman, with a ruff voice said a strong odor of gin, was trying to conclude a bargain with a small, white-faced Jewish youth, whose black beady eyes were scornfully enamining a dilapidated teapet, which the gruff lady asserted was silver, and which the Jewish youth emphatically declared was not. The gruff female, who answered to the name of Tibsey, grew wrathful at this opposition, and prepared to do battle

"Old 'uns knows more nor youngers," she growled in an angry tone. "Tain't by the sauce of babes and sucklers as I'm going to be teached." "'Old your row," squeaked Isaiah, that being the shrill boy's name. "Five bob, an' dear at that."

Mrs. Tibsey smorted, and her garments a tartan shawl and a brown wincey-shook with wrath. "Lor a mussy ,'ear the brat," she

said, lfting up her fat hands; "why, five poun' wouldn't buy it noo; dont' be 'ard on me, my lovey-me as 'ave popped everythink with you, including four silver spoons, a kittle, a gridiron an' a coal-scuttle; don't be 'ard, ducky; say ten sn' a tizy." "Five bob," returned the immova-

"You Jewesis is the cuss of hus price, in reply to a speech of Malton's the counter with a woefully ragged "Oh, then, I may as well go. Goods umbrella. "You cheats an you swinhall," cried Mrs. Tibsey, whacking umbrella. "You cheats an you swindles like wipers, an' I 'ates the sight

"You'll 'ave the boss out," said Isaiah, in a high voice, like a steam whistle, to which Mrs. Tibsey replied

Constipation Cure A druggist super "For near thirty years of have commend the Extract of Roots, Incom-

Hother Scients Carpton Spray, for the radical carp of countination and indipension. It is an old salishie remark that sayor falls to do the work." It dispo-thrice dully. Got the Gentale.

in a rolling bass, a duet which grew wilder and wilder till the sudden epening of the green baize door re-

e no mistake, the dusty, covered him right down to his ragunder shaggy white eyebrows, sharply-cut features, and a complexion like dirty parchiment, seared all over with

"You again?" he said, in a feeble Jewish voice. "Oh, you devil!-youyou " here a fit of coughing seized him, and he contented himself with glaring at Mrs. Tibsey, upon which he was immediately confronted by that indomitable female, who seized the teapet and shook it in his face. "Five beb!" she shricked, "five bob for this!"

"Too much far too much," Larasus in dismay; "say four, my dear, four." "Ten: I want ten." said Mrs. Tibsey.

'No, no four you say ten, but you mean four." "Say six." "Four." "Then take it," said Mrs. Tibsey,

dashing it down in wrath, "and the devil take you." "All in good time—all in good time," chuckled the old man, and disappeared through the door.

"You see, you oughter 'ave taken the five"sniggered Isaiah, making out the pawnticket. "There's four bob; don't spend it in drink." "Me drink, you hugly himp," said

the lady, sweeping the money into her failing, her, coming into collison with Ezra and Keith, who were just enter-

"A whirlwind in petticoats," said Keith, startled by this ragged appari-

"Askin' your paiding, gents both," said Mrs. Tibsey, drooping a very shaky curtsey, "but a young limb h'insides bin puttin' my back hup like the wrigglin' heel'e h'are, and if you're goin' to pop anythink, don't let it be a silver teapot, cause old Sating h'inside is the cuss of orphens and widders," and having relieved her mind, Mrs. Tibsey flounced indignantly away to refresh herself with her favourite beverage.

"Complimentary to your parent," observed Keith, as they entered the

Oh, they're much worse sometimes," said Ezra / complacently. Leiah, where's my father?" "In 'is room," replied Isaiah, resum-

lowed by Keith. A small square room, even dingier than the shop. At one the wall, and next to it a large iron both in the Belgian Congo. These are looking fire, had an old battered kettle simmering on its hob. At the back tropical rain forest, and only about 30 a square dirty-paned window, through which the light fell on a small table covered with greasy green cloth, and shrew by its more clumsy appearance piled up with papers. At this table sat and its longer, denser pelage, the most oid Lazarus, mumbling over some figures. He looked up suddenly when the chrew is the remarkable strength of young men entered, and cackled a its vertebral column. Some interest-

Don't be misled!

Substitutes will surely disappoint

will never fail to give the utmost satisfaction at the lowest price per cup.

passed, he began to talk in his feeble, the American Museum of Natural Jewish voice. "He, he! my dear," looking sharply at Keith, "is this the young man you spoke of? Well, well-too good-looking, my dear—the women—ah, the women, devil take 'em, they'll be turning

his head." "That's his own business, yours," said Exra, curtly "He, he! but it is my business they'll love him, and love means preents—that means money—my money—I can's trust him."

(To be continued.) Perfect Agriculture-

Liebig, the great agricultural investigator, said: "I shall be happy if I succeed in attracting the attention of men of science to subjects which so well merit to engage their talents and energies. Perfect agriculture is the foundation of the riches of states. But a rational system of agriculture cannot be formed without the application of scientific principles to soils, crops, actions of manures and nutrition."

As You May See.

Warm-weather dress needs and com-fort are assured in the lovely negligee and breakfast jackets of white dotted White silk sport gloves in gauntlet style have the cuffs lined with a pleasing color of silk. Rose, green and gold colors are particularly popular.

The assume black spessum is a facolors are particularly popular.

For autumn, black opessum is a favorite fur for trimming, especially on coats of pile fabric.

Leather mantles are being launched, some are knee-length, others shorter.

One model is lined with suede-colored duvelyn.

Could Be Worse.

The Weman at the Back Door - It nust be a terrible thing to have to go through life without your limb. You must remember, hewever, that it will be restored to you in the next world." "I know," said the tramp, "it will, mum, but that don't encourage me adult hero shrew measures 8,6" to none. You see, me foot was cut off | 9.6" from nose to tip of tail, the latter when I was a baby, and it won't come within a foot of the ground when it's restored.—Puck.

Buit Cloths. Velour. Gabardine Broadcloth. Tricotine. Oxford cloth. Wood poplin. Silverstone. Velourde laine.

WEAK BOYS AND GIRLS

It is a mistake to think that an aemia is only a girl's complaint. Girls probably show the effect of weak, watery blood more plainly than specimens having been caught during boys. Delayed development, pale faces, headaches, palpitation, and feelthe day-time, a few even at noon. ing of listlessness, call attention to weak blood in the cases of girls. But many boys in their teens grow thin and "weedy" and have pimples on the face, showing that they have not den dash which characterizes the just as likely to become a victim of consumption as the pale, breathless girl with her headaches and wornout look. Let the bey in this condi-

strength and his health becomes precarious. To prevent serious disaster to those of the rising generation, let both boys and girls be given the new rich blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are famous the world over for making. When giving these pills watch how soon the appetite returns and how the lanquid girl or the weak boy becomes full of activity and high spirits. Remember that the boy has to develop, too, if he is to make a strong hearty man. Give both the boys and girls a fair chance to develop strongly through the new, rich blood Dr. Williams Pink Pills actually make. You will then see activity boys and girls, One let loose in the early morning instead of weakly children around you. would busily lick off dewdrops from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by the margin of the leaves. But when-

tion catch cold and he will lose his

all medicine dealers or may be obtained by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. William Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HERO SHREW OF CONGO.

Specimens of Strange Little Animal Brought Back by Expedition

In the vast Ituri forest in the Belgian Congo, where the sun rarely pierces through the dense foliage, and rain-pools stand for months in the foot-tracks of the elephants, a new sort of forest creature has been found. ing the reading of a sporting news- This is the "hero shrew"-a variant of the common shrew which is very wide-Exra opened the green baize door ly distributed over the earth, being without knocking, and entered, fol- found in the Arctic circle, Asia, Europe, Australia, England and the Americas. The hero shrew, however. side a truckie bed pushed up against is known from only two localities, safe. A rusty grate, with a starved- the villages of Medje and Bafwabaka. both situated near the borders of the miles distant from each other. Easily recognized among other varieties of striking characteristic of the hero greeting to his son, after which effort he was seized with a violent fit is given by rierhert Lang, leader of the Lang-Chapin expedition which was him to pieces. The parayum having maintained in Africa for six years by

History.

He says that the natives of the locality, especially the Manghetu, delight in performing on captive specimens. "After the usual hubbub of various invocations, a full-grown man weighing some 160 pounds steps barefooted upon the shrew. Steadily trying to balance himself on one leg, he continues to vociferate several minutes. The poor shrew seems certainly to be doomed. But as soon as his tormentor jumps off, the shrew, after a few shivering movements, tries to escape none the worse for this mad experience and apparently in no need of the wild applause and exhortations of the throng." During this demonstration the head is always left free. The heart and other viscera are protected from the crushing by the very strong vetebral column, made up of heavy closely interlocking spines, and curiously convex behind the shoulder. forming there an arch highly resistant

to pressure. The Mangbetu believe that the charred body or heart of the hero shrew, when prepared by their medicine man, lends the quality of invincibility when worn as a talisman or taken as medicine. Those about to engage in warfare or setting out on a dangerous enterprise, such as elephant hunting, are always eager to carry along some part of a hero shrew as a charm against danger. Their faith in its protective power is doubtless a strong stimulant to courage and quickwittedness, probably often causing extraordinary heroic conduct. Without doubt, this is the explanation of the name "hero shrew," bestowed by the Mangbetu on this little animal, which scientists call "Scutisorex congicus."

While the shrew family includes the smallest of all mammals—some being scarcely two inches in length—a fully accounting for about two-fifths of the total length. Scutisonex lives in the ferest, making nests under the roots of trees or in any slight depression. His food is insects, grubs, worm slugs and tiny frogs. This diet is practically the same as that of its relatives, the moles, and consists only of such creatures as are easily killed by a shrew of its size and fairly abundant all over the floor of these tropical rain forests. Its feeding habits therefore offer no explanation of its origin or utility of its enormously strengthened vertebral column. Its breeding season is from the end of April to the beginning of August, five to seven, and more ralely ten, young being found in the nest. They are naked, blind and toothless, but soon run about snapping at everything within reach. The hero shrew is very largely diurnal, many

Extremely, shy, it can seldom be discovered in the dense, sombre undergrowth of its native haunts. Of more sluggish temper than most shrews, its movements are more debetween the sharp row of teeth is movements of som any of the smaller mammals. While the unyielding grip between the sharp row of teeth is quickly fatal to its prey, it never shows the aggressive boldness of related erecies; nor are its attacks marked by the nervously rapid and jerking movements that serve with so many insectivores not only instantly or overawe their quarry, but as a protection against defensive attack. Mr. Lang adds: "In watching them it soon becomes clear that scent prevails over sight. The deeply grooved nose is moved in every direction, and, continually quivering, its explores actively the objects in view. The under sides of leaves and even stones are thus inspected. Fair-sized pebbles, pieces of bark and decayed wood are turned over or pulled away with the assistance of the incisors. . . .

would press down the blades with the forelimos, starting near the base, until it could easily reach the glittering drops that had gathered at the tips." Among the vast collections brought back by the Lang-Chapin expedition is a large series of Scutisorex congicus, consisting of skins, skulls, alcoholic and skeletal specimens, which will prove invaluable in the study of this strange forest creature. The skeletons are being articulated to afford comparison with other species of shrawand will shortly be placed on exhibition.—Builetin of , the American Museum of Natural History.

ever it came to small tufts of grass it

